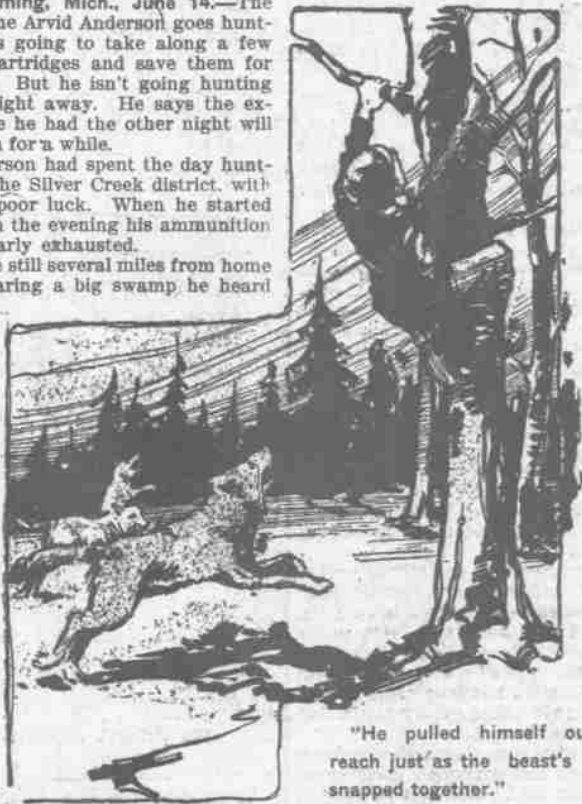


## HUNTER CLINGS TO TREE ALL NIGHT LONG, BESIEGED BY PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES

Ishpeming, Mich., June 14.—The next time Arvid Anderson goes hunting he's going to take along a few extra cartridges and save them for wolves. But he isn't going hunting again right away. He says the experience he had the other night will last him for a while.

Anderson had spent the day hunting in the Silver Creek district, with rather poor luck. When he started home in the evening his ammunition was nearly exhausted.

While still several miles from home and nearing a big swamp he heard



"He pulled himself out of reach just as the beast's jaws snapped together."

what seemed to be the wind moaning in the trees." But, as the sound grew louder, he recognized them as wolf cries.

The prospect was not pleasant for a well-armed man, and Anderson had only five cartridges left. He hurried on, but had not gone 100 yards before the wolves had sighted him and were in pursuit. Looking furtively over his

shoulder, in the gathering shadows he saw a gaunt, gray shape leap from the swamp and dart toward him. Then another gray form appeared, and another and another.

Anderson gave up counting and started to run. He ran as he had never run before. He knew that if the wolves overtook him, in the dark, it would be all over with Anderson.